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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONCLUDED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXIII.

Which being the last, cannot fail of proving perfectly agreeable, and, I hope satisfactory to the Reader.

THE people of the house were now stirring, and professed great astonishment at what had happened. The Abbe, thinking that no safe place for him, got his head bound up, and, taking a post-horse (the only way of retreating that presented itself) he left the inn.

Barclay and Gregory again retired to rest, both well pleased with the adventure—Barclay, that he had been the means of rescuing Penelope, and at the same time obliging the parson, who was convinced that he had no hand in her elopement; and Gregory, that he had opportunity of well-drubbing the Abbe, whom he always suspected to be a rascal. But the affair did not terminate here.

In the morning, while Barclay was breakfasting by himself, for Gregory would not suffer his company to degrade his master, whenever he could avoid it, he heard a chaise driving hastily up to the inn. In a few moments a well-known voice struck his ear, of one inquiring by description for him, and he had scarcely time to collect himself, when the door of his room was thrown open, and in bolted Von Hein, with looks dark as night, and almost bursting with passion.

When Penelope was carried off by Mr. Buckle, Von Hein and the Parson, discovering it, set off different ways in pursuit, and the former was returning this road, when he overtook the Abbe. Threatening to annihilate him if he did not tell the whole truth of the affair, the Abbe, to cover his own iniquity, and in some measure to be revenged of Barclay, assured him that Mr. Buckle had been entirely deceived by Penelope; that she had consented to elope with him merely for the purpose of getting to Barclay, who had, according to her contrivance rescued her, and was going to carry her off, when Mr. Pawlet luckily arrived, and took her away, leaving Barclay at the inn (which he named) to enjoy his defeat. To corroborate this statement, he pointed to his broken head, declaring that he had received the blows in endeavouring to prevent our hero's succeeding in his scheme.

This artful story had the proposed effect, and, desiring the postillions to turn round and gallop to the inn described, he quickly arrived there full of rage against Barclay, for this last attempt, added to no little disappointment at his having procured his enlargement.

When Barclay saw Von Hein, he rose from his chair, and fixed his eyes upon him, with no signs of fear, and supported by a consciousness of being himself the injured man. Von Hein, though bursting with passion, was awed by his look—he could not command his utterance, and was compelled to turn his face aside. At length, having shut the door, he came up to Barclay, and said:

"You have practised such arts against me, Sir, as to leave no choice of epithets to be applied to you—the worst only does you justice."

"What arts?" inquired Barclay, mildly.

"I will not condescend to explain, nor is it necessary. I have torn you, or rather your conduct has utterly torn you from my heart. I will never forgive the designing friend, who plots in every insidious way to destroy my happiness."

"I know," said Barclay, "that you will not forgive me, because I am aware of the maxim which informs, that men never forgive those they injure."

"'Tis a lie!" exclaimed Von Hein.

Barclay's colour came, and his lip trembled.

"Keppel!" said he, looking at him severely.

"Call me by no such familiar term," cried Von Hein; "I will not suffer it from a villain!"

Barclay was not to be daunted—he was too high-spirit, and too proud, to bear an insult, and he was about to reply with added force, when, recollecting their former friendship, he turned from him and would have left the room.

"No, no!" exclaimed Von Hein, interposing himself between our hero and the door, "I shall not permit a poltroon to escape thus!"

Here he seized Barclay by the collar. He could contain himself no longer, and placing his hands against Von Hein, he pushed him from him so rudely, that he staggered to the further end of the room before he could recover himself.

"Enough!" cried Von Hein—"I expect, that you will follow me."

Saying this he went out, and, taking a case of pistols from his chaise made towards an adjoining field. Barclay obeyed the summons.

By the time they had measured the distance and taken their stand, Barclay felt, but not through fear, a hearty repugnance to fight with Von Hein.—He would have taken any thing like an apology, but could not think of quitting the field without.

'Hold!' said he,' 'you must be convinced—I am sure you are—that you have used very unbecoming language. Will you say you did not intend to offend me?'

'Never!' cried Von Hein.

'Well, Sir,' continued Barclay, 'Since you will not excuse yourself, though undoubtedly the transgressor, we must terminate the affair in a different manner. However, as you say that you have been aggrieved, I shall, in the combat, wave my right to discharge my pistol first. I am ready to receive your fire!'

Von Hein made no reply, but taking his ground, fired, and Barclay received the ball in his breast. He did not, nor was it his intention to fire. Putting his hand to the wound, he said 'that—that's sufficient—— you have had your revenge—I want none!' He had scarcely uttered these words, when the blood flowed so copiously, that he fell, insensible to the earth.

Von Hein now felt how much he had wronged him. He admired his noble conduct, and all his former friendship returned. Almost distracted, he ran to his assistance. Barclay in a short time recovered, and, finding Von Hein mourning over him, using numberless kind expressions, he exclaimed:

Then shall I die in peace——I have not paid too dear for this! Keppel—I may at present call you by that name—Keppel, we may now be friends again:—your oath will not prevent it, for I give up all thoughts of Penelope—I die!

Here he swooned a second time, and Von Hein had just brought him to his senses, when Gregory, who heard the report of the pistol, came running toward them. He would have revenged his master, but Barclay entreated him to desist. They now, both in tears, led, or rather carried him to the inn, and putting him to bed, sent for immediate assistance. A surgeon was at last procured, and the ball in his right breast, with much pain and difficulty extracted. A fever and delirium followed, and for several days he knew no one, and was expected to expire every hour. Von Hein and Gregory never left him. Keppel having learnt that the Abbe had deceived him in all he had said, was ready to destroy himself. He raved, he stormed, he wept, and took no rest day or night, continually watching the symptoms of Barclay's indisposition. Gregory refused all subsistence, cried, prayed, swore, and behaved often like a maniac.

During this state of things, Von Hein sent one of his servants to the parsonage, where he was expected, to tell Mr. Pawlet that he was obliged to be absent for a fortnight, desiring the man by no means to divulge what had happened.——When he returned, he brought a letter from the Parson, who, after recounting all that had occurred, and praising Barclay's gallant behaviour, he recommended him to his esteem; which, as he read wounded him to the heart, and he could not proceed, so great was his affliction.

'My esteem!' he ejaculated—'I have killed him.'

Recovering, he went on, and learnt to his excessive satisfaction, that the Hon. Mr. Buckle had expressed a most sincere repentance for all his misdemeanors—and had taken his wife and child again, and had acknowledged his daughter. Further, and that for some private villainy he knew him guilty of, he had thrown the Abbe into prison, where he would, in all probability, receive the reward due to his labours.

In about ten days, to the inexpressible joy of Mr. Von Hein and Gregory, Barclay was pronounced out of danger. Von Hein was now constantly at his bed-side, repeatedly imploring, and as often receiving pardon, for having persecuted him.

'You will forgive me, Barclay,' said he, one day, sitting at the foot of the bed, 'for persevering in my desire to be united to Penelope, when you hear what I have to say of myself. I have hitherto concealed it from you, but I need much vindication, and I will keep it a secret from you no longer. I am a forlorn—an outcast—alone in the world—I am—I shudder when I speak the word, for it has embittered all my days—I am a bastard! Cut off from the kindred ties of nature, knowing no one living that is related to me. The first I can recollect of my life,' continued he, was passed in a workhouse.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Barclay, recollecting a thousand things at the moment; 'proceed—pray go on!'

'Abandoned by both father and mother, neither of whom I ever saw, I was left a burthen on the parish. The person I have since learnt to have been my mother, died suddenly, as she was about to embark at Helvoetsluys for England. She was, I am told, a servant, and that after bearing me, and being turned adrift by her seducer, she got another place, where her beauty attracked the notice, and won the heart of Mr. Von Hein, a young Dutch merchant, who was then in England on business. He married her privately, and took her over with him to Holland. Not daring, I suppose, to mention to him that she had a child, she thought it best to endeavour to forget it herself. But I see, my friend,' said he, 'that my narrative affects you—It may make you ill—I will postpone the remainder.'

'No, no—go on—let me hear it all!' cried Barclay.

'In some years, without having any children, he died, leaving her fourteen thousand pounds. She then resolved to quit a country she had no interest in, and, collecting her fortune, to come and seek her son in England. This done, for fear of the danger of the sea, she made her will, making me the heir of all she possessed, and was preparing to depart, when death arrested her course. I was nearly ten years old, when I received the intelligence that I was master of fourteen thousand pounds. The trustee was my mother's old master, from whom she had married. He gave me a clear account of her, from the time she had lived with him, but was unacquainted with any thing that had happened before. From the parish I could gather merely, that she was my mother. My father's name they were either bound to conceal, or he, having commissioned some friend to pay the money, they really knew nothing of him. My trustee dying I was consigned to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, who sent me to Eton, and bred me up to the law. And now you know my whole story. I am in possession of a considerable fortune; my profession also brings me in a handsome annuity, and I am in every thing happy, but that I nightly weep the death of my mother—and father too—for he is dead to me!'

Barclay was agitated to such a degree, that he lost all power of speech. When Von Hein had finished, he could but extend his arms, and murmur.

'Brother! you are my brother!' and then sinking on the pillow, weak and overpowered, he fainted away.

His senses returning, he caught Von Hein in his arms, who readily accepted his embrace, but anxiously begged him to explain what he meant by his exclamation. Barclay presently related his father's history, and would have taken him to his heart, but amidst Keppel's joy, he recollected that he had attempted his brother's life, and, turning from him, he wept bitterly.

At length, coming to the bed, and taking Barclay's hand between his, he said:

'I have no parent—I had no relation that I knew of—no dear tie to link me to society, and I would have married that lovely girl, merely not to live and die an out cast from the tender connections that bind mankind together—But I have found a brother!—My end is gained—Penelope is yours!'

The Curtain drops.

EPILOGUE.

The Play being over, my character ceases and I may be allowed, without offence, to say one word of *truth* at parting.

I feel that I cannot take leave of the Reader, without unburdening my conscience of a weight it suffers, through some imprudencies (to call them no worse) which I have been guilty of in the recital of the foregoing history—other historians, or romance-writers, may consider it in a different light, but I am of too delicate a sense, after having, in pursuing their custom, taken upon myself to tell what my hero or heroine thought, when they did not speak, not to acknowledge that it was merely my imagination, since I must own they never made me their confessor; and when I have said that the latter passed a restless night, I beg for the lady's sake, that it may be considered as a mere supposition, for I solemnly declare, I never slept with her in my life. After this confession, so highly necessary, the Reader will, I trust, hold the lady's morality fair, pure, and unsullied as her bosom, and, if he should conceive that I have in any instance made my hero or any other person say, think, or do, what he deems improper, let him first be sure, he never does so himself, and then he has my free and unreserved permission to make him or her, say, think, or do, whatever else he pleases. And now to use the words of POLONIUS, 'I will most humbly take leave of you.'

READER.—To reply with HAMLET. 'You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal.'

(*Exit Author*) Amen.

OLD NICK *is now concluded, a circumstance that will not displease some of our readers; who, we suspect, have not been able to relish the genuine wit it contains. But it is a source of satisfaction to the editor to know, that this truly satirical story has been an agreeable repast to a number, whose classical knowledge and correct taste, enabled them to discern its beauties, and appreciate the author's powers of humour, his satirical descriptions, and particularly his delineations of character.*

In addition to the extract given in page 31, *from the* Monthly Review, *in favour of this work, we subjoin the concluding observations of the editors of the London* Monthly Mirror, *in their review of it.*

"Barclay Temple, the hero of the novel, is a manly and interesting character; and his faithful follower, Gregory, will rank with the Strap and Partridge of Smollet and Fielding. Keppel Von Hein very early excites our curiosity and attracts our esteem. The portrait of the Rev. Mr. Pawlet is very naturally drawn, and Mr. and Mrs. George, and Miss Phyllis Pawlet, have evidently their origin in real life. The Abbe Dupont is a masterly sketch, and we are afraid that the public have, at this moment, too much reason to be upon their guard against characters of that description. Penelope is delineated with a pencil of exquisite delicacy, and possesses all the attractive qualities which belong to the heroines of the best novelists of the English schools—elegance, good sence, modesty, tenderness, and truth."

They preface their extracts from the work, with the following remarkable words, expressive of a high degree of satisfaction from its perusal.—"And here, from the multiplicity of passages which invite our attention, we find ourselves in the situation of the Epicure, who, surrounded by all the delicacies of the season, hardly knows what to select first."

Upon the whole, it is believed this novel, (as it is termed,) will be read with pleasure, in time to come; while other works of the kind that please the superficial reader, will lie neglected.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

On Poverty.

Hail, happy POVERTY! *thou chiefest good*
Bestow'd by Heaven; but seldom understood.
M. H.....

The discontented mind is ever on the rack—Place man in any situation in life, however good, his mind is still craving contentment; but happiness seems as far from him as when he first started in pursuit of the phantom.....Notwithstanding Poverty is so much deprecated by mankind, yet many are doomed to remain in it; and it is wisely ordered it should be so. There are very considerable advantages attendant on such a state, which those who are basking in the sunshine of affluence seldom enjoy: for while the poor man is often found resting in the welcome shade of Poverty, enjoying the wholsome morsel of his honest earnings, which he most cheerfully shares with his healthy family, the affluent person is enervating both his body and mind by the most sumptuous food, and indulging himself in all the foreign and domestic luxuries that can be obtained. These, instead of proving enjoyments, are only calculated to unfit him for business, and for debilitating that mental and coporeal energy, so essential to producing true happiness. But this is not all—desease in every shape assails him, and he too late finds himself the VICTIM *of affluence*.....Is not poverty a bar to those horrid effects?—Certainly it is—Why then are we daily wishing and striving, to obtain power to *ruin ourselves*—It can be attributed to nothing but a want of that *necessary Philosophy*, which teaches us to know and enjoy the advantages of *any situation* in which Providence may place us; and to make ourselves contented even in POVERTY....which is the state *enjoyed* by

Your friend
TIM. TINDER.

Criticism.

MR. HOGAN,

THE man who attempts to correct the faults of others generally receives few thanks for his trouble: it is a task for which not many men are well qualified, and one which the man whose heart is not filled with the milk of human kindness ought never to attempt. If by his observations he hopes to improve his *neighbour*, the design is laudable, it is godlike: If only to expose, it is mean, and unmanly: does the first deserve our esteem? the other merits our detestation. If the first be his aim I would embrace him as a friend; if the other, shun him as an enemy.

I am led to these observations by the severe lines of *Pasquin*, addressed to J. D—s occassioned by his Elegy. An endeavour to expose seems evidently the intention of the author; but perhaps I am censuring too severely—his lines may have been written in a playful moment, and not the effect of badness of heart; if so, I hope in future he will be more on his guard, lest his satyrical wit should prove a source of uneasiness to himself as well as to others.

I do not intend to justify J. D—s in the use of all his expressions, or maintain that all his figures are correctly used; but only to shew, that a good heart might have put a more favourable construction on the lines objected to by Pasquin.

"And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd!"

Our critic places this line first, as if it were the most faulty. It is difficult to deal with fault-finders, who quote without making observations on the quotation; and indeed little profit can be derived from their work. If he blame the sentiment contained in the line, in my opinion, he is not correct. Every person acquainted with the writings of Rousseau, must acknowledge, that his *feeling strokes* are indeed very many. He abounds with the sympathetic—read his Village Conjurer; you will find it remarkable for its *tender* and interesting style. In his new Heloisa the the tender style is very conspicuous; some of the letters are admirably written; those of Julia are full of tenderness, pity and ele-

vation of soul; and no good critic, I am convinced, will deny him whatever merit is his due. In his Emelius, which has been justly styled a Moral Romance, his precepts are expressed with the force and dignity of a mind full of the leading truths of morality. If he has not been always virtuous nobody at least has *felt* it more, or made it appear to more advantage.* Do not however mistake me; I do not vindicate the works of *Rousseau* in toto; I am convinced that many things in them do the writer no honour: nay, that many passages have, perhaps, had an evil tendency. But I maintain, that a poet, in using these expressions, "the tender strokes of Rousseau," and "the moral beauties of Fenelon," is correct.

Our Critic, if he deserve that name, does not altogether do justice to J. D——s In his first verse.

——————"Do you wish for rest,
While moans and sighs come sobbing in the breeze:"

By reading again he will find he did not *then* wish for rest, but before he heard the sounds which created his alarm. I do not consider this as unnatural; a person awakes much discomposed by a terrifying dream; he wishes to banish the scene from his recollection—and to whom could he fly for succour? to whom?—to that Being who can bring light out of darkness, and console the mind. Perhaps the sentiment is too much tainted with piety for *Pasquin*, —but I hope not.

"What moans! what sighs! come sobbing on the breeze."

I do not think this is unpoetical; an attentive observer of nature will admit, that the sounds conveyed to us by the wind are various, and if they have not filled Pasquin's mind with awe, his feelings are very different from mine, and perhaps for him so much the better.

——————————"Groaning trees!"

I almost think I hear Pasquin laughing at this expression.—But be in no haste, my good Sir, you can laugh at a number of our best poets for such expressions. All the sacred oaks which grew in Dodona, had, if we believe the priests and poets, not only the faculty of *groaning*, but also of prophesying. Dryden, in his translation of Ovid, has the following lines—

"The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood."

"Who from the chiding stream or groaning oak."
TRAG. DOUG.

"The mountains murmur, and the nodding oaks
Groan with their wounds." BLACKMORE.

† See Encyclopædia, B.

Happy for Dryden, Pasquin did not exist when he wrote the following lines—

As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains,
Lab'ring in *pangs of death*, and threat'ning falls,
This way and that she nods, considering where to fall."

——————"Fancied fears"

Next engage the critic. And are there not fears which only exist in fancy. Ah! Pasquin, do not you remember when a boy, how you ran by the church-yard, in a dark night, and fancied you heard a ghost patting at your heels,—and it was only a *fancied* fear!

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears
That spring like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally—without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination;
And yet can do more dreadful feats,
Than hags with all their imps and teats;
For fear does things so like a witch
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which.
NUDIBRASS.

"A lonely rose yet sipp'd October's dew!"

This line seems to give our modest Pasquin a triumph. Our florist, or gardener, if he please, knows undoubtedly that the general time of flowering for the thirteen kinds of roses, is from May to October. Eglanteria, or Sweet-brier, is a native of England and Switzerland; and although it may not in this country, so late as October, be found to bear roses, yet a gentleman lately from a part of the world where it was no phenomenon, might have been excused for thus introducing it. But supposing he had put the Eglantine, a species, for the genus, we must allow still that good-nature could have found an excuse; as the blow of roses, in a full collection of the different species, is continued even sometimes in Europe from May to near Christmas.

How our critic reasoned in his next objection, if he reasoned at all, I am at a loss to determine. We well know, that the hind may receive a wound which will prove mortal, and yet live many days after she has been wounded—Know, therefore, O most excellent critic, that every wound given by death, does not produce instantaneous dissolution.

——————"Silence best can name:"

The meaning is, that all our attempts to describe the pleasures of heaven, fall so infinitely short of the truth, that he who is silent is in the smallest error; because he who makes the attempt, darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge. So the poet Thompson thought when he wrote this beautiful line,

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

"On rapid pinions borne, the trump of fame
"Had far reported."——————

The meaning here is by no means difficult to ascertain. The trump of fame carried on rapid pinions had far reported. By the figure Metonomy, the trump of fame is put for fame herself, which is far from being unpoetical; but perhaps our critic had forgotten, that figurative language is the life of poetry; and he is assuredly wrong in making J. D——s say, that the trump flew, when he only asserts that it was carried.

I have now done with Pasquin—Had J. D——s been here, he, no doubt, could have given more satisfaction on the subject: but he knows nothing of the matter, and I only have been defending the cause of the absent. AMICUS.

The Transient Observer.

Da pueris res puerorum.

Give unto children the things that are suited for children.

ALTHOUGH, Mr. Hogan, I have been so long silent, I have not been an inattentive observer of the progress of your Repository, and have been determined, wherever I discerned any thing that in my opinion required correction, to freely offer my sentiments. In a literary miscellany, conducted upon a plan similar to the Repository, it is generally expected that the selections and original communications should be void of all puerilities, and possess some intrinsic merit ere it found its way to the public through the medium of the press. For children, there is in this city, a magazine almost exclusively published for their particular use. Then why is it necessary for your correspondents Rogo and Alonzo S. to exert their editorial powers to *collect* the honey which from age has become stale and disgusting. The Enigmatist knows that the road to Fame is open to every one. But he has been utterly mistaken, if he conceived it possible to attain the pinnacle of the temple by detailing infantine conundrums, which are familiar to most children at six or seven years of age. From such futile attempts nothing can be produced worthy of observation, further than to discourage it, with whatever has a tendency to diminish the value of the Repository. A correspondent from Annapolis has also

pursued the same tract, and gives us as rational amusement one article, which I well remember, when a boy, in a two-penny pamphlet. This species of amusement, this new method of dissipating the fumes of literary intoxication, would call forth a smile were it not insulting and degrading to the editor and readers of the Repository. The language I have used may be deemed too harsh for a subject trifling and innocent in itself; but the consequences may be felt by the subscribers to this miscellany; for what person who felt conscious of his talents for writing, and qualified to amuse and instruct by playful elegance and sound doctrine, would wish to see his productions associated with those of such extreme insignificance?—Enigmatical Lists are also harmless, but they are still useless. The names of young ladies publicly laid before the community, exposes them personally to inquiry and the curious investigations of impertinence. Several ladies have, in my presence, expressed their resentment at those silly pretenders to the laurel, and their mortification at being exposed to the prying eye of curiosity in consequence. Besides this, the association of names is in most instances, incongruous, and in some, insulting. You, Mr. Editor, from being a perfect stranger to many of those who have been thus exposed to the ordeal of public comment, cannot be sensible of the insults you may receive in your editorial capacity, or the injury you may finally sustain. You *must* be exonerated from all blame. The unfledged authors who presumptuously aspire to renown, and offer their crude productions at the temple of Fame, deserve contempt, if nothing else; and once more I repeat—Give unto children the things that are suited to the capacities of children, and unto men things calculated for them.

SENEX.

Religion.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

A Minister of the gospel, for whom I had a very high esteem, and who is now enjoying the fruit of his very eminent services, discoursing with me on the insignificancy of the promises of amendment which are made by persons on a sick-bed, related the following story:

IN the boundaries of the congregation in Virginia, of which I was formerly the pastor, lived a man of some reputation in the world, for his wealth and affluence, but who was notoriously wicked. Near him lived a poor man named John, who was as remarkable for his piety, as the other was for profanity. If any person was taken ill in the neighbourhood, John was sent for, and *his prayers* were esteemed more efficacious than the *prescriptions* of the most skilful physician.

This irreligious person was suddenly taken ill,—the physician solemnly shook his head—all were alarmed—the prescriptions did not produce the wished-for effect—and *finally* they sent for John.—John came, and was ushered into the sick man's room.

Sick Man. Ah! John, John! I am very ill—I doubt it is over with me. The doctor says nothing—but I know that God can cure me.

John. I am glad you know *that*, for, I must inform you that your conduct has been such, that I thought you doubted the being of a God.

Sick Man. Indeed John 'tis too true, I have been awfully wicked. Oh! if God would but spare me—I would!—O John I sent for you to pray for me—I have been wicked, very wicked; but if I were spared, I would endeavour to lead a new life. —O John, John! my sins,—my sins are a heavy load—what shall become of me? Oh! I will surely die in my sins.

John. My dear Sir, take comfort—God is a kind father; He afflicteth not willingly. Put your trust in him, he is ready to pardon and willing to forgive. Come to him now,—even at the *eleventh hour*, and he will not cast you out.

Sick Man. O John! pray to God for me; perhaps it is not yet too late. O that he would graciously grant me time to repent.

John complied with the sick man's request, and after giving him such advice as he thought fit, departed, and, strange to tell, the sick-man from that moment recovered. But instead of reforming his life, as he had promised, he was more notoriously wicked than he formerly had been. He put the evil day far from him, and his vows were forgotten.

About six months after he was again taken. His desease was more desperate than formerly; life was despaired of; and once more John was sent for.—He came —was introduced. O John! I am ashamed to see you—I am indeed mortally sick, and the torment of my mind is even greater than that of my body—I promised amendment, when formerly afflicted; but I kept not my promise. I have ran after wickedness with greediness—O to be free from guilt!! to be able to look to God as *my* Father who is in heaven—O John pray for me—God may yet hear you in my behalf. O John! John! I will, indeed I will amend!!

John's heart was moved—for it was the heart of a christian. He knelt before his Father, and prayed in the name and Spirit of Christ—he poured out his whole soul. God accepted the prayer, and in a few days the sick man was out of danger....But mark the power of vicious habits: no sooner was he out of the fear of death, than his purposes of amendment were again forgotten! Surrounded by his old companions his vices sprung a fresh: His lusts returned,—they found the house swept and garnished, and having increased their number sevenfold, domineered without control!

In this awful state a third time he was attacked,—and a third time John was sent for; he came; and again listened to the afflicted man's groanings—O John! indeed I am ashamed to see you. Why ashamed to see me? said John. Why because I have not kept my promise; but I hope you will pray for me, and all yet may be well. Strange, replied John, ashamed to see a mortal like yourself, to whom you never were under any obligation, and whom you never injured; and yet how many years have you, undismayed, ran in the ways of wickedness with greediness! affronting the God of the whole earth, who searcheth the heart and trieth the reigns! Twice I have bent before him on your behalf, and have in your name told lies before my Maker—but no more shall I be guilty of such profanity; my prayer shall nevertheless be, that God may touch thy heart—yet pluck thee as brand out of the fire; but I cannot, I dare not again bend at thy request.

All intreaties were used in vain to shake John's resolution; he departed—and in two days the man died!!!——Let those who are in the practice of promising amendment and paying no regard to their vows ....pause....consider....and read again this strange, but true story.

THE DRUNKARD

IS the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

A CURIOUS FACT,

Related in a late work, published in London, entitled, the Environs of London, by the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

THE following account of a Canada Goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, was not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition; one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself, in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house dog, and would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole of the day in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given, that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, when the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set for her every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would suffer no one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat, and killed her.

A similar affection was observed between a cat and a pigeon, some years ago, at the house of the late Robert James, esq. of Putney, with this difference, that it appeared to be reciprocal. What rendered it more extraordinary, was, that they were both found one day on the wall of the garden, and both became domesticated at Mr. James's, where they continued to be inseparable companions.

Pertinent Remarks on the revival of SLAVERY *by the National Legislature of France.*

(From the New-York Museum.)

THE exhilirating prospect which the emancipation of the abject children of Africa from the grasp of European avarice, afforded the friend of humanity, is again shrouded by the glooms of renewed woe. West-Indian cruelty has but slumbered for awhile, that it might awaken with renovated fury—and the offspring of calamity, who, for a short season, has banqueted on joy, must return to the soul-sickening draught of slavery.——Man, civilized and enlightened man! who boasts of refinement, and prides himself in his superior endowments, sacrifices with pleasure at the shrine of interest, every distinguishing sentiment—Visionary refinement!—and was it for this that a ten years war has desolated our globe?—was the slave instructed to hail the bright dawnings of happiness, that his misery might be the more acute? Were the manacles taken from his lacerated body, that he might the more sensibly feel the augmentation of his woe, when the hand of cruelty should rivet them again?—The intoxications of superiority too often mislead the powerful; and the ability to do justice is frequently lost in the consciousness of importance. France, forgetful of the causes of her late struggle, rich in conquests, and elevated to the summit of earthly grandeur, proclaims the sad truth, that POWER and RIGHT seldom exist together. We presume, ere this, the horrors of slavery have recommenced, and those unfortunate beings who at the beginning of the Revolution, were declared, by a decree of the National Assembly, to possess the rights and privileges of French citizens, again doomed to servitude. "The project of a decree has been introduced in the Legislative body of the French Republic, which reduces the blacks in the different French Colonies, to the same state of slavery they were in previous to their enfranchisment in the year '89. It also provides for the opening of the SLAVE TRADE again, the most iniquitous of human transactions. The orator who introduced this law, spoke of the "illusions of liberty and equality," and added, that an equality of rights in the colonies has only produced an equality of unhappiness."

WONDERFUL ANECDOTE OF MACHAMUT, *a Moorish King.*

Mr. PURCHAS, in his Pilgrimage, has related of one Machamut, a Moorish king, who deserveth mention for one thing, wherein the sun hath scarcely beheld his like. He so accustomed himself to poisons, that no day passed wherein he took not some, for else he himself died, as it fared with amsian or opium, the use whereof killeth such as never took it, and the disease such as have; and beyond that which we read of Mithridates, in the like practise. His nature was transformed in so venemous an habit, that when he designed to put any of his nobles to death, he would cause them to be set naked before him, and chewing certain fruits in his mouth, which they call chofolos and tambolos, with lime made of shells, by spitting upon him, in one half hour deprived him of life: if a fly sat upon his hand it would presently fall off dead. Neither was his love preferred to his hatred, or with women were his dealings less deadly. His mustachos (or hair of his upper lip) was so long, that he bound it upon his head, as women do with an hair-lace, and his beard was white, reaching to his waist. Every day when he rose and dined, fifty elephants were brought into the palace to do him reverence on their knees, accompanied with trumpets and other music.

FEMALE INGENUITY.

THE following curious anecdote has given rise to much pleasantry and amusement in the fashionable circles of *Paris*: Three young ladies, nearly of the same age, and brought up from their infancy in a boarding-school at Paris, had contracted so strong an affection for each other, that they formed the resolution of remaining together for their lives. A very painful idea, however, embittered this happy prospect, and that idea was marriage—which, should their parents insist upon, their contract would inevitably prevent the eternal union they

so ardently sighed for. The youngest suggested a remedy, and proposed, that as *polygamy* was prohibited in France, they should write to the Grand Signior, requesting him to take them all three for his wives. A letter to that effect was accordingly written, and signed by the trio; but being put into the post with the address, "*To the Grand Turk at Constantinople.*" it excited suspicion, and was carried to the Minister, who opened and read it, to his great diversion and that of his friends. The anecdote has been productive of many witty epigrams and humourous remarks in Paris, and has been made the subject of a *petite piece*, which is actually preparing for the Theatre Louvois.

ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED.

SOME valuable antiquities have been lately dicovered at Neuwied in Germany; and not far from the town, the ruins of a Roman City, with a fortification, (castrum) of a rectangular form, 840 feet in length, 681 in breadth, and surrounded by a wall 5 feet thick, with towers of defence. Several houses, a palace, and a small temple, have also been found. The coin, busts, &c. which have been dug up, have been formed into a cabinet by the Princes of Neuwied.

Near the Rhine they have discovered the remains of a Roman way, which proves that the Rhine formerly was not so wide as at present. At a league from Neuwied are to be seen the ruins of a bridge, and all the environs are covered with walls, forts and houses, under the surface of the earth.

The Enigmatist, No. 5.

"*Make haste, and tell me all.*"
COWPER.

33. An orchard plant me if you please,
Of just two dozen apple-trees,
In eighteen rows display'd to view,
And every row with trees twice two?

34. What word of five syllables may be spelt with three letters?

35. My head and tail both equal are,
My body slender as a bee,
And whether I stand on head or tail,
'Tis all the same to you or me.
But if my head should be cut off,
The consequence is true and strange!
My head and tail severed thus,
Immediately to nothing change!

36. What word is that of five syllables, which by taking away one, leaves no syllable?

37. What is the half of twelve?

38. Pray tell me a thing, if you think you can guess,
Which by adding unto grows sensibly less,
And yet as our daily experience shows,
If you add nothing to it, the larger it grows?
ROGO.

*** *The Answers to the Enigmatists will be deferred for a few weeks, that our junior correspondents may have an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity.*

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 24, 1802.

Malignant Fever.

A Summary of the REPORTS *of the* BOARD OF HEALTH *respecting the Malignant Fever which lately existed in the vicinity of Vine-street Wharf.*

July 16. They reported NINE deaths of a malignant fever from the 4th inst. and that twelve were then sick, of which number four were deemed dangerous.

——19. One new case since the 15th inst.; six remaining sick, two of whom considered dangerous.

——20. Three remaining sick; one of whom considered dangerous.

——21. Only two indisposed; both on the recovery.

——22. *Fever entirely subsided*—and Bills of health to be issued from the office of the Board as usual.

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A Letter received from BALTIMORE on Thursday last, dated the 19th inst. states, that a person had died there the evening before, with all the symptoms of a *malignant fever*.—It was generally said that he had been on board a vessel lately from CAPE FRANCOIS, from whence he had derived the infection.

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THE SEAT OF HONOUR.

General Jackson, Senator in Congress from Georgia, has recently fought a duel with a Col. Watkins. After five shots the General received a wound—near the *seat of honour!*—not mortal. [*Balance.*

☞ Col. Watkins' ball entered the General a little to the rear and above the right HIP.

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From the 19th of Dec. 1800 to the 15th of Dec. 1801, there were christened in the metropolis of Great Britain, males 9,400, females 8,414; total 17,814.—Buried, males 9,661, females 9,713; total 19,374.

A new species of domestic depredation has been recently discovered, in female servants about to be married, cutting open their masters' and mistresses' best beds, and stealing from thence a considerable quantity of feathers, in order to make a bridal bed for their own use; this is what these ladies call *feathering their own nest!*

[*Lond. Paper.*

ASTRONOMICAL.

London, Dec. 15.

FROM an astronomical observation made the 7th of December, by Mr. Capel Loft, it appears that the disk of the sun exhibits at this time, spots which exceed in number any before seen. The principal ones are not central, but towards the western limb. They are disposed in a regular curve equal to 13 degrees of the sun's circumference. A new spot is discovered to be forming on the eastern limb.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Samuel Cox, to Miss Lucy Eden, both of this city.

——On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. William F. M'Laughlin, printer, of this city, to Miss Sarah Fromberger, daughter of John Fromberger, esq. of Germantown.

——At Staten Island, Mr. Journey, aged 80, to Miss Cole aged 60!

A fellow-trav'ler, and a friend,
Is found towards the *Journey's* end.

Deaths.

DIED on the 18th inst. John Vancleve, esq. late Commissioner of Bankruptcy—Same day, Mr. Parry,—both these persons resided near Vine-street wharf.

——On the 14th inst. after an illness of four days, Mr. William Brown, jun. son of Wm. Brown, of this city, in the 21st year of his age, sincerely lamented by his friends and relatives.

——Same day, at Amboy, after a lingering illnes, in the 52d year of his age, Mr. Nicholas Gouverneur, esq. President of the Bank of New-York.

——At Burlington, (N.J.) the 15th inst. Wm. Brown. His death was occasioned by a hurt from the discharge of a cannon on the Anniversary of American Independence.—Imprudently he attempted to run past the cannon's mouth, at the moment direction was given to *fire*. The wad striking his leg, occasioned a wound, which brought on a mortification, tetanus, and death. He was a day-labourer, and has left a wife and four young children.

—

HYDROPHOBIA.

DIED, in Packersfield, (N. H.) on the 2d inst. Mr. Stephen Beard, son of David Beard, aged 30. On the 18th of Febuary last, he was bitten by a mad dog; but the infection lay dormant until the 28th of June, when he began to complain of an uncommon pain in his head and back, and various wandering, spasmodic pains pervaded the thorax, and a sensation of tumefaction could be discovered. Medical aid was called, but to no effect. The symptoms continued to increase: and on the 29th he became very thirsty, called for water, but could not drink it. These increasing symptoms terrifyed him exceedingly—sometimes his pulse beat high, indicating great inflammation—at other times, very slow and depressed, attended with intermissions; his eyes shining and fierce; his visage pale and wan with a lived spot on each cheek—his tongue of a leaden colour, attended with inexpressible anxiety, and tremendous spasmodic stricture of the præcordia, a frothing at the mouth; a difficult respiration; continued horror; and dread of any liquid. He often cautioned his family and by-standers to keep at a distance, lest he should hurt them. Thus the symptoms increased, till Thursday night about 10 or 11 o'clock, July 1st, when a severe paroxysm of canine delirium succeeded, and the assistants were obliged to confine him. A succession of the paroxysms to the fourth closed the distressing scene on Friday morning, July 2d, at about five o'clock.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMNS.

HYMN VII.

Cast me not off in the time of old age: forsake me not when my strength faileth. *Psal.* lxxi. 9.

WHEN rev'rend age, with silv'ring hand, arrays,
My head with honour'd hairs, sage wisdom's form,
Extend thy goodness, as decline my days,
Cheer all my hopes, and all my fears disarm;
So shall my song forever be,
Thy grace unpurchas'd, boundless, free.

Thou my support, affliction's storm may rage,
Loss come, want press, and friends *esteem'd* depart;
Yea, with my foes, against my peace engage,
And none be near to ease my troubl'd heart:
Still on thy everlasting arm,
Compos'd I'll rest secure from harm.

Thy Spirit wise will teach me to resign,
To know my FATHER, and to kiss his rod:
Why should vain mortals arrogant repine,
Rejudge their Maker, and arraign their God?
O thou, my heart, be humble still,
And bend submissive to his will.

Should pale infirmity this body press,
And it should long to join its kindred clay,
Turn far aside despair and keen distress,
And shew the glories of the coming day:
Inspire my heart, inspire my tongue,
And make Redeeming Love my song.

And when thy messenger, pale Death, draws near,
O send thy angel to assuage the pain;
With heav'nly joys the drooping spirit cheer,
And thro' that awful conflict well sustain:
Then waft my spirit to the skies,
To join angelic symphonies.

Glory to God will be th' eternal song,
For grace reveal'd through his beloved Son;
Bright seraphs shall the grateful strain prolong,
And time infinite see it but begun:
O friend! sweet *Meditation*, come!
And teach my soul to prize *her home*.

X. W. T.

THE NEGRO's COMPLAINT.

YE sons of Humanity, pity the fate,
Of one who once freedom enjoy'd!
Whose heart once with joy and content was elate,
But now ev'ry bliss is destroy'd.

I was took by a plund'ring pityless foe,
And the chains of fell bondage I bear!
I sigh here in vain, and my tears silent flow—
I only know toil and despair.

My oppressors they came to my dear native shore,
(Where freedom and joy reigns around,)
And me from my wife, and my children they tore—
My limbs in their fetters were bound.

The bright "orb of day," had just set in the west,
And ev'ning reign'd mild and serene;
The pale Moon arising, with majesty dress'd,
Shed her lustre thro' ev'ry scene.

Unthoughtful of danger we danc'd on the green,
And festivity closed the day—
When, oh!—still I shudder to think on the scene!
I was seized, and carried away.

Confin'd, I was borne o'er the wide wat'ry main,—
And here 'neath oppression I mourn;
To my cruel task-masters I dare not complain,
For their hearts unto marble are turn'd.

Oppress'd and fatigu'd ev'ry day must I toil,
For my tyrants, who revel and rest—
My sighs fill the breezes, my tears wet the soil,
And keen anguish now reigns in my breast.

If from toil in the day I seek for relief,
And rest myself in the cool shade,
The lash doth arouse, which redoubles my grief,
And pityless on me 'tis laid.

* * * * * * *

No more will I sigh, nor for liberty mourn,
Since death soon will end all my pain,
Again to my country I then shall return,
Where freedom and happiness reign*.

ORLANDO.

* *It is the opinion of almost all the oppressed Africans, that after they quit this life, they return to their native country, to enjoy unadulterated happiness.*

THE EMIGRANT,

Written after the manner of LEWIS.

OH pity me! a poor unhappy stranger,
Whose miseries a kind relief demand;
Who from a scene of wretchedness and danger,
Sought for a refuge in this peaceful land.

Oh how my lab'ring bosom throbs with anguish,
Full oft a tear starts from my aching eye,
For here a prey to want and pain I languish,
Here far from friends and home I'm doom'd to die.

Far from a land where discord and oppression,
Have fix'd their gloomy and terrific reign,
I fled,—I left my country and possession,
And brav'd the dangers of the boist'rous main.

Calm was the ocean, bright the smiling morning,
When to my native shore I bade adieu,
The rising sun the glowing scene adorning,
Bade cheering prospects open to my view.

Our sails were fill'd, a steady gale was blowing,
Swift flew our bark along th' Atlantic way;
Our conscious hearts with purest joy were glowing,
While dolphins in the deep were seen to play.

Soon chang'd the scene,—the furious tempest roaring,
Heap'd waves on waves, upon the raging deep;
While from the clouds th' o'erwhelming torrent pouring,
With fury fell upon the tossing ship.

An awful darkness hover'd o'er the ocean,
Loud thunders roll'd along the angry skies,
The livid light'ning flew with rapid motion,
And scenes of horror open'd to our eyes.

High o'er our masts the foaming surges swelling,
Broke on our shatter'd bark with horrid roar;
In vain our skill,—the furious winds impelling—
She struck, and stranded on the rocky shore.

O night of horror! all that I possess'd,
Was in one moment in the ocean lost,
And I, with pain and misery oppress'd,
Am a poor stranger on Columbia's coast.

Oh! pity me, a poor unhappy stranger,
Whose miseries a kind relief demand;
Who 'scap'd from scenes of wretchedness and danger,
Now seeks a refuge in this peaceful land.

CARLOS.

THE LABOURS OF SYSIPHUS IN HELL.

(A Versification—by CARLOS.*)*

'MIDST the dread gloom of Pluto's drear domain,
Where never-ceasing woe and anguish hold their reign,
Sysiphus' shade, doom'd still 'neath toils to groan,
Rolls up a high steep hill, a huge, round, pond'rous stone;
Falling from thence, it bounds from rock to rock,
Headlong rolls thund'ring down, and gives all hell a shock....
Again he labours, sweats, groans, and complains,
Again it thunders down, soon as the top it gains;
Still constant woe succeeds to constant toil,
Still constant disappointments all his efforts foil.

REBUSES, &c.

From Annapolis.

(CONTINUED.)

4. A ring and a wing, and three fourths of a fog,
Will bring to your view, Sir, an obstinate dog.

5. An herbaceous plant, if with care you transpose,
The emblem of innocence it will disclose,

6. What is oft stuck on glass, with three-ninths of a scold,
Tell what in this rebus is eighty times told.

7. What stage-performers often do,
A well known fish when added to,
Will bring an useful trade to view.

8. Take three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
Then let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;
A triangle next, set on its two feet,
And add two semicircles with a circle complete,
Then you'll have what by some is deem'd very sweet,
Tho' its scent forces delicate folks to retreat.

9. Take part of a foot, then with judgment transpose,
And you'll find you've an answer just under your nose.

ORIGINAL.

10. To two-thirds of a month, two-thirds of a grain,
Three-fourths of a street that's not wide,
If you add a letter, 'twill shew you most plain,
A place where some thousands abide.

(To be Continued.)